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**The Illustrious Stranger - 1827**

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THE  
**ILLUSTRIOUS STRANGER,**

OR  
**MARRIED AND BURIED;**

AN OPERATIC FARCE,

IN  
*TWO ACTS,*

AS PERFORMED

AT  
**The Theatre Royal, Drury Lane.**

---

THE MUSIC BY MR. NATHAN.

---

**London:**  
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1918

*Perusing James*

GUNNELL AND SHEARMAN,  
PRINTERS,  
SALISBURY SQUARE

<i>Aboulifar</i> , King of the Island ..	Mr. THOMPSON.
<i>Azan</i> .....	Mr. J. BLAND.
<i>Alibajon</i> .....	Mr. J. RUSSELL.
<i>Bowbell</i> .....	Mr. LISTON.
<i>Gimbo</i> .....	Mr. HARLEY.
<i>High Priest</i> .....	Mr. FENTON.
<i>Officer</i> .....	Mr. C. JONES.

*Irza, the Princess* . . . . . { Mrs. W. GEESIN.  
Miss PINCOTT.  
*Fatima* . . . . . Miss LOVE.

*Scene.—An Island off the Coast of Malabar.*





THE  
ILLUSTRIOUS STRANGER,  
&c.

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ACT I.

*SCENE I.—ALIBAJON'S Study. A Pavilion opening on a picturesque tropical Landscape. Several Mummies and various curiosities round the room.*

ALIBAJON.—GIMBO.

*Alib.* I have sent for you, my dear Gimbo, to converse with you on a most important subject, on which depends our mutual prosperity.

*Gim.* Speak—always ready to serve my friends.—We are bound to each other by mutual interest. You are the Physician of King Aboulifar, sovereign of this island; and I am Master General of Funerals, Embalmer, and Mummy-maker to the Court.—You stuff the living with your foul physic, and I sweeten their poor dead corpses after it.

*Alib.* You will remember, however, my dear fellow, that it is to me you owe your high preferment

and lucrative station: recollect that I was the person who took you in hand, a poor orphan boy, when the drudge of a petty grocer's shop in Thames Street: and when they kicked you out of doors for having broken your leg, I ministered to your wants.

*Gim.* True—I had sprained my foot, which, as you say, you took in hand, and from hand to foot I am now as crooked as a ram's horn—proceed.

*Alib.* I then, you know, was a travelling physician.

*Gim.* An itinerant quack—true—proceed.

*Alib.* Quack—*quack*—why there's quackery in every trade.

*Gim.* Even in physic—true—proceed.—Time's precious—weather hot—season's sickly—deaths frequent—And I've a young lady to stuff—and an old gentleman to varnish—proceed—to business.

*Alib.* Then, my dear Gimbo, listen to me attentively.—You know that when we were obliged to leave England, you and I set off for the East Indies, when we were wrecked upon this island off the Malabar coast.

*Gim.* True—but by no means new—proceed.

*Alib.* You also know that by my talents and luck, I not only became physician to the King, but his confidential adviser;—you also are not unacquainted with the state of affairs, and the grief of our good sovereign. His only child, the Princess Irza, has rashly attached herself to Prince Azan, a disgraced rebel, who has since died in exile.

*Gim.* I know—you stocked him a medicine chest before he started—proceed.

*Alib.* Now the Princess obstinately swears she'll

never marry, and there would end our present dynasty.

*Gim.* And pray, who the deuce would marry her with the confounded laws of this island, where, when a husband or wife dies, the survivor must be buried alive!—and to marry a sickly young lady—

*Alib.* Would be a bold step indeed.

*Gim.* Step! Yes—to dance from the church to the church-yard is a step few lovers would like; but to the point—proceed.

*Alib.* She is at present very ill—especially since her last dose.

*Gim.* No wonder at that—proceed.

*Alib.* And after many an anxious night's study, I have compounded a draught, which I think will set all to rights—now if you and I can restore her to health, our fortune's made.

*Gim.* You and I? Well—proceed.

*Alib.* Observe, my dear Gimbo; I think the medicine would answer, but the great thing with a princess is to be sure; on a royal person we must not try experiments. Now, in consequence of our matrimonial laws, the folks of this island take such a plaguy care of what they eat and drink, that I cannot, for the life of me, find any body quite so unwell as I could wish.

*Gim.* That's a pity—proceed.

*Alib.* Now, my dear Gimbo, I always observed when you lived with me, that pork pye and cucumber disagreed with you dreadfully.

*Gim.* Well—proceed.

*Alib.* Well, being a friend, you know, an old and

faithful friend, I have had a nice pye, made exclusively of fat bacon, and I have also provided some delicious cucumber mixed up with oil—and if you would have the kindness, the generosity to eat quantum suff. of these very savoury dishes, just to give my potion fair play—

*Gim. (In a violent passion.)* Poison and assassination! pork pye and cucumber!—tartar emetic, and hipps be your everlasting food!—Zounds! Sir, I'll make you swallow all the jalap in your shop.

*Alib.* My worthy friend—not a slight indigestion, a gentle surfeit—to relieve the sufferings of so charming a woman as the Princess.

*Gim.* A charming woman! Zounds! Sir, what's a charming woman to a dying man?—Incendiary! Drench me with your drugs! Make me a subject for your diabolical experiments! Am I a dog, a rat, a reptile?

*Alib.* You are an ungrateful monster! Have you forgot past services?

*Gim.* Past services! Haven't I done enough for you? Zounds! Sir, you owe all to me—not a pill, powder, or plaister would you have sold, but for my exertions—Name and fame—you owe me every thing—Was I not your decoy duck, to catch gulls and puff you off?—Have I not shammed apoplexy—epilepsy, catalepsy, and the Lord knows how many other epsys—that you might cure me as you passed by? Wasn't I nearly smothered alive when I pretended to have been bit by a mad dog, and bellowed like a bull, at sight of a puddle? And when you gave me a blue sugar plum for one of your infallible pills, didn't I swallow a gallon of water to prove my recovery?

*Alib.* All this is very true ; but do moderate your passion.

*Gim.* Pork pye and cucumber ! Mountebank ! Avoid me ! I'll roll you into the grave like one of your own boluses.—Am I not a public functionary, and have'nt you made my post the most laborious in the island—Dont I beautify your shattered and battered patients,—and talk to me of pork and cucumber !

*Alib.* Do moderate your rage—forgive me.—Here comes the fair Fatima, the Princess's companion—Let us not be seen wrangling.

*Gimbo.* Fat bacon !

*Alib.* Our mutual good intelligence has—

*Gimbo.* Pork pies !

*Alib.* Well, I crave forgiveness.

*Gimbò.* I forgive, but to forget is impossible.

*Alib.* Come, come, dismiss the matter from your mind ; forget that there ever existed such a thing as a pig, or a girkin, and let us be friends.

*Enter FATIMA.*

*Fatima.* Peace be with you, Dr. Alibajon—you are immediately wanted at the Palace—sad doings going on—there's the Princess weeping, and of course all the Ministers are weeping with her—there's the King distracted, and of course all the Ministers are distracted also—then, there are all the priests praying by the King's order, and of course all the Ministers are on their marrow bones.

*Alib.* Why, what recent event—

*Fat.* His Majesty has been to the great pagoda,

and the Oracle of Vishnow has pronounced, that, unless the Princess be forthwith married, the island will be ruined! Oh what a fine thing it is to be a Princess!

*Gim.* And what says the Princess?

*Fat.* She swears she will not marry; and that, spite of all the Oracles, she'll mourn Prince Azan as long as she has eyes to weep.

*Gim.* And what was the cause for which Azan was banished?

*Fat.* An attempt to subvert our holy marriage laws; our Malabar neighbours compel us poor women to be sacrificed on the tomb of you base men; but we have wisely improved the law by rendering the ceremony reciprocal, thereby preventing you male creatures from plaguing us to death with impunity.

*Gim.* And at the same time rendering you ladies the tenderest nurses in the world of an ailing husband.

*Fat.* His Majesty has just issued a proclamation, offering a reward of a dozen lacs of rupees to any suitor who may present himself, and one lac to whoever may procure one.

*Alib.* A lac of rupees! I fly to obey his Majesty's commands.

*Gim.* A lac of rupees! I'll earn it—but first, fair flower of Eastern beauty! have you reflected on my proposal?

*Fat.* I have, most grave and sapient royal undertaker.

*Gim.* And will you undertake with me a trip to merry England?

*Fat.* What, to be carried to market in a halter?

No, good Gimbo; marry me here, and then I shall be sure you'll love and cherish me.

*Gim.* I'd rather not, for fear of accidents. Don't I know Dr. Alibajon? Why, he'll be trying experiments on you for the good of the royal family, and diet you on pork pies and cucumbers.

*Fat.* Vulgar prejudice, and vain fears. Only think of the splendour of a matrimonial funeral! In your country, fortunes, I hear, are lavished for a magnificent interment, which is not enjoyed by the deceased, whereas, here, you have the pleasure of seeing it all yourself, of bespeaking it according to your fancy, and seeing that you are not cheated by your undertakers.

*Gim.* Better leave all to them. Never interfere with an undertaker's taste;—therefore, I say again, come to England, the land of love and liberty! Pin-money and settlements, weeds, widowhood, and wedding favours; for the second and third time, my jolly girl—

*Fat.* I tell you it's quite a sacrilege, and I won't hear of it.

## DUO.

## FATIMA.

No, no, Mr. Gimbo, no,  
Ne'er will I be wedded so;  
Let your spirit when I die  
Quick with mine to Heaven fly,  
And our clay together go  
To its kindred earth below.



GIMBO.

Mrs. Fatima, no, no;  
Ne'er will I be buried so;  
On the wiser English plan,  
Let us both live while we can.

FATIMA.

Fie! fie!

GIMBO.

Why! why!

FATIMA.

Be your fortune smooth or rough,  
One good wife is quite enough.

GIMBO.

When one wife is good and true,  
I can see no harm in two.

FATIMA.

Fie! fie!

GIMBO.

Why! why!

FATIMA.

When one wife is good and true,  
Ah! how horrible is two.

GIMBO.

When one wife is good and true,  
I can see no harm in two.

FATIMA.

Adieu!

GIMBO.

Adieu!

*Both.*

Then we must part;  
Yet I'd wed with all my heart—

GIMBO.

On our English plan.

FATIMA.

No, no,

On our Eastern plan.

GIMBO.

No, no.

*Both.*

On your English plan, no, no,

On your Eastern plan, no, no,

Ne'er will I be wedded so.

[Exit FATIMA.]

*Gimbo.* Well, if ever a woman was unreasonable, it's in expecting to be married in this country. Here's the Princess dying of grief, and her father advertising for a husband for her. We may take in some simple stranger, but nobody else I'll swear. So only let me light upon a husband for the Princess, pocket my lac of rupees, and then hurrah for old England, and a jolly batchelor's life.

## SONG.—GIMBO.

Dicky Dolus, sick of strife,

Thus addressed his scolding wife:—

‘ Since in life I’ve no repose,

‘ Death, my dear, shall end my woes !

‘ Mrs. Dolus, Mrs. Dolus !

‘ Death, I vow, shall end my woes !’

*Mrs. Dolus* liked his plan,

To the river off they ran :

'Pray,' said Dolus, 'be so kind

'Just to tie my hands behind.'

Mrs. Dolus, &c.

She obeyed, and when complete,

'Let me now,' he said, 'intreat

'You will also—do not scoff—

'Be so good as push me off.'

Mrs. Dolus, &c.

Dolus, when she proved her love

With a run and with a shove,

Slipt aside, and, in his stead,

Mrs. D. soured over head.

Mrs. Dolus, &c.

Mr. Dolus now was solus,

While she gulp'd her watery bolts,

Quoth he, 'My hands are tied and I am grieved

'Cant assist you, so good bye!'

Mrs. Dolus, &c.

[Exit]

## SCENE II.—The Palace.

IRZA:—[Enter Dolus, &c.]

*Irza.* Gods of my fathers! What has been my offence, that I must thus be sacrificed to propitiate your altars? Dearest Azan! Tyranny prevented that union which would have enabled thy faithful Irza to join thy ashes. But if paternal power and our holy laws condemn me to a hated union, thy blessed shade shall behold me led to the altar like a devoted victim, doomed to appease the anger of the gods.

*Enter FATIMA.*

*Fatima.* Well, dearest Princess, ever sighing and sobbing, do you think, madam, he is the only handsome man?—If he were, I should cry as much as you.

*Irza.* Alas! *Fatima*, had I been permitted to end my days in solitude, time might perhaps have alleviated my sufferings; but to be thus condemned by cruel fate to form an odious union with some unknown adventurer—the idea is horrible!

*Fatima.* How can any one have the courage to propose it while your highness is wasting and pining yourself away? Plump and rosy as I am, that cowardly wretch, Gimbo, is afraid to marry me!—Perhaps it will never take place.

*Irza.* I know not, *Fatima*—the splendour of a diadem is too attractive.

*Fatima.* Well, then, you will feel a comfort in dying, at the thought of punishing the wretch's temerity. Come, dearest Princess, if Love makes you sorrowful, hang Love—the blind urchin is always guided by Folly, as our Poet Hafiz says of him.

SONG.—FATIMA.

Love and Folly went out to play,

Hey merrily oh!

They skipt on the grass, and they tumbled the hay,

Hey down oh!

Love grew peevish, to Folly's surprize,

And, quarrelling, gave her a blow;

She returned it and closed up his eyes

Till they both were as black as a sloe.

Folly got whipt, and Cupid was blind,

Hey merrily oh!

He stamp't and he swore, and ran out of his mind,  
 Hey down oh!

Right or wrong, poor Folly was blamed;  
 In vain she asked pardon and cried;  
 To lead the blind brat by the Gods she was named,  
 And thus Folly became Cupid's guide.

Hey down oh!

[A March is heard.

*Irza.* But I hear my father approach.—Spirits of  
 my Azan, support me in the struggle!

[Grand March of King Aboulifar, Courtiers, &c.

#### CHORUS.

This union the Gods have ordained;  
 Opey their will divine!  
 The mystic oracle's explained,  
 Haste to the nuptial shrine.

*ABOULIFAR* (*approaching Irza, who appears  
 absorbed in grief.*)

*Aboulifar.* It is in vain, dear Irza, that you resist  
 the sacred decrees of Brahma and Wishnou, our fa-  
 thers' Gods. Your country, visited by disaster and  
 threatened by a foreign foe, demands the sacrifice.

*Irza.* Alas! Sir, if my union could have saved our  
 country, why did you object to my loved Azan?

*Aboulifar.* Name not the traitor—the die is cast—  
 Irza, the state demands it, and the moment a suitor  
 presents himself, the union shall take place.

[A gun fired.

*But hark!*—a gun on the coast—grant Heaven no hos-

tile force approaches.—[*Another gun.*—] Alas! my enfeebled arm no more can wield the sword of war—You, my Irza, must give me in a husband a successor to my throne, and a leader to my armies.

*Enter OFFICER.—(Thunder,)*

*Officer.* Sire, an English vessel is in distress—but, wrecked upon the western reef, little hope can be entertained of saving it.

*Aboulifar.* Hasten to the beach—let every possible assistance be afforded to the sufferers.—Our Oracles once foretold that this island should be ruled by an illustrious foreigner—Grant Heaven! the Gods have now sent us the welcome deliverer.

[*March: ABOULIFAR followed by his suite:  
IRZA supported by FATIMA.*]

**SCENE III.—A bold Sea coast—Thunder and lightning; a wrecked vessel is seen in pieces on a rock; BENJAMIN BOWBELL appears upon a hencoop, which is tossed about for some time, and washed on shore.**

*Bowbell.* Here's a pretty kettle of fish! What's to become of me? I'm totally diddled and undone. Where am I? Cast away like an oyster shell, no doubt on some savage island, with no more hope than a soused mackerel.—This comes of seeking my fortune—This comes of travelling to foreign parts—Shipwrecked, battered and tattered—bumped and thumpt—with a broken head, and all the bark off my shins.—(*Stooping to look at his legs, he looks into the hencoop he dragged with him.*)—And see, all my live stock, dead

—Even these poor ducks couldn't weather the storm  
 —Poor Benjamin Bowbell! Why did you venture  
 beyond a Margate steamer and the Isle of Thanet,  
 where you were the pet of the women and the envy  
 of the men? Oh! my poor father; when I left you, I  
 was as spruce a young sailor as Billy Taylor, and  
 look at me now, all slab and sloppy, like a sponge in  
 a gutter, and expecting to be squeezed every minute  
 by the Hottentots or Anthropogassess. Oh! that I now  
 heard my namesake Bowbell ringing a bob-major.

SONG.—BOWBELL.—(*Evelyn's bower.*)

Oh, I weep for the hour  
 When I started from the Tower,  
 With all my friends a-grieving for my folly, oh!  
 And left my bread and butter,  
 Snug in father's crnakycutter,  
 For to sail with Captain Swipes aboard the Polly, ho!

How the stormy winds did blow!  
 Things a rolling to and fro;  
 No mortal man did ever such a clatter see, oh!  
 Once more in Cripplegate,  
 If again I navigate,  
 I shall be upon the quiet sea of Battersea, oh!

Then you who wish to roam,  
 Take advice and stay at home,  
 Or you'll get into a hobble most confounded, oh!  
 Not a stitch on my back,  
 All my cargo's gone to rack,  
 And my little pigs and poultry is all drowned, oh!

*Enter GIMBO.*

*Bowbell.* [*falling on his knees.*] Oh! mercy, mercy! Most glorious Anthropophagus, don't eat me; I'm as unwholesome as a cockle on a copper bank.

*Gim.* As I live, an Englishman. Rise, my good fellow.

*Bow.* Don't roast me alive, tho' I'm ready for the spit; for I'm dripping from head to foot.

*Gim.* That voice, as sure as I live, 'tis Benjamin Bowbell.

*Bowbell.* The *very* man.—He's a magician.

*Gimbo.* My dear fellow, don't you know me?

*Bowbell.* How should I? most noble—never was in these parts before.

*Gimbo.* Don't you recollect Tom Treacle, the grocer's boy? Don't you remember the days of bliss when you and I used to dry sloe leaves, and make green tea for old Kit Carraway?

*Bowbell.* Tom Treacle?—you don't say so? Let me look at you—his *very* mug! Oh, Tom Treacle! What a sweet meeting—my darling boy! you have been nicely preserved—but see what a pickle I'm in.

*Gimbo.* And what brought you here? Proceed.

*Bowbell.* Why, the Polly from London—Captain Swipes, you know.

*Gimbo.* And how came she to be lost? Proceed.

*Bowbell.* Why, Captain Swipes got swipy, and Polly couldnt find her way—ran right wrong upon a rock—and there she sticks, poor dear, with her copper bottom uppermost. Look at her with all my kit on board.—Oh, Tom—Tom; I have a dry stitch in the world—but what's a sticking to my back.



*Gimbo.* Hard upon you, indeed—and so you have taken to the sea?—

*Bowbell.* I beg your pardon—I can't say I have taken to it at all.

*Gimbo.* I judge by your dress.

*Bowbell.* May be so. I bought it at the slop shop; and now it may go back to the slop shop.

*Gimbo.* But how came you to leave England? Proceed.

*Bowbell.* Why, I was a supercargo, you know—that is, I've been rolling over tripe and butter barrels ever since I left the Tower stairs.

*Gimbo.* And where were you going to? Proceed.

*Bowbell.* Proceed! What, on a hen-coop! Why, I was bound for China to take tea.

*Gimbo.* (*Aside.*) Heavens! what an idea strikes me—he's the very man.

*Bowbell.* But I say, Tom—what are you a'ter? Is there a fair in these parts—what's that fine dress about—you han't set up a puppet-show, have you?

*Gimbo.* A puppet-show! My dear fellow, my fortune's made by the king of this island, the great Aboulifar.

*Bowbell.* A bully-what?

*Gimbo.* Aboulifar: this is the richest island in India—lovely women—good cheer and jollification from morning till night.

*Bowbell.* You don't say so—then I light upon my legs again.

*Gimbo.* You do. Think yourself happy that you have lighted on this hospitable strand.

*Bowbell.* Ah, Tom—but think of our Strand—think of the New Church, and Somerset-house, and Exeter-changed: Bless 'em all—I'd rather roll in the gutter there, than ride in a palanquin with the great mogul.

*Gimbo.* But the beautiful women—

*Bowbell.* Ay—but Sukey Skyblue, Tom, the milkmaid—She's my written promise.—Oh, how she cried when *I went away*.—She had'n't wept so much, she said, since the day the cruel company clapt a padlock on her pail, and cut off her perquisites.

*Gimbo.* Vile taste—Ah! You know not the fortune that is in store for you.

*Bowbell.* Can I get at a dry jacket?

*Gimbo.* Silks, velvets, brocades—Without knowing it, you have made a short cut to rank and affluence.

*Bowbell.* How do you mean?

*Gimbo.* Listen. In the first place, every stranger wrecked on this shore is promoted to the highest dignities.

*Bowbell.* You don't say so!

*Gimbo.* And you, my dear Bowbell, are come in the very nick of time—for in the next place, by royal proclamation, and a decree of the oracle, the beautiful Princess Irza is to be married to the first handsome stranger who may be wrecked on the Island.

*Bowbell.* Impossible! Why you don't mean that—

*Gimbo.* That you are the man.

*Bowbell.* You're going it! What! a Princess!

*Gimbo.* The King's daughter.

*Bowbell.* A real, royal, right honest Princess!

*Gimbo.* The most lovely woman you ever beheld.

*Bowbell.* Then the old fortune teller was right, and this here voyage will make a man of me, at last.—Upon your word and honour?

*Gimbo.* Upon my word and honour.

*Bowbell.* Well, after all, one never knows when one is well off. A Princess! It's all fate—it was to be so—How things turn out! that this here violent storm should set me up in sunshine for life!

*Gimbo.* Ah! to save short sighted mortals.

*Bowbell.* We are indeed a decree of the oracle! Poor Sukey! But bless her, her shoulders are broad enough to bear it, and to make her amends she shall be first lady in waiting.

[*A March is heard.*

*Gimbo.* Hark! His Majesty approaches—put on a look of dignity—hold up your head.

*Bowbell.* Will this do?

*Gimbo.* A little higher.

*Bowbell.* I would if I could; but how can I, when the sea has made me as lank as a lollipop?

*Gimbo.* Hark! here's his Majesty. I'll introduce you.

*Bowbell.* And what am I to say!

*Gimbo.* His Majesty will address *you*.

*Bowbell.* But what am I to answer?

*Gimbo.* As little as possible; safe's the word. Therefore, whatever his Majesty says, your answer will merely imply that his Majesty is decidedly in the right.

*Bowbell.* Mum! You han't lived at court for nothing, Mister Tom—Hem!

*Enter ABOULIFAR, followed by Guards, Courtiers, &c.*

*Aboul.* (*Approaching BOWBELL.*) Noble stranger, welcome to this island. However inhospitable its perilous and rugged shores may have appeared, we shall exert our best endeavours to make amends for nature's churlish treatment.

*Bowbell.* Your Majesty is decidedly in the right.

*Gimbo.* (*to ABOULIFAR*) It is with sincere delight that I have to acquaint your Majesty, that this illustrious Englishman, apprized of the state of the kingdom, gladly hails the hour when he can lead to the altar the lovely Princess Irza.

*Aboul.* Ah! that news indeed rejoices me—I hailed him with anxious hopes, yet dared not anticipate its fulfilment. You have acquainted him with our matrimonial laws.

*Gim.* Every syllable.

*Aboul.* Enough: my treasurer shall count you out the promised reward.

*Bow.* All true to a tittle.

*Aboul.* And for you, noble Stranger, let King Aboulifar welcome you as a friend and as a father.—Yet I think it just to inform you that the heart of my daughter has been foolishly bestowed upon a worthless rebel who has since died in exile:—but I look with confidence on the impression your appearance will make upon her.

*Bow.* Your Majesty is decidedly in the right:—any thing to oblige your Majesty and accommodate the nation, I'll do with the greatest pleasure.

*Aboul.* Conduct hither my Ministers to pay their homage to the son-in-law the gods have provided us;

and let slaves and attendants await his command.  
[*Exit attendant.*] I long have wished to form an alliance with your country, which I love and esteem as the protector of the weak, and the scourge of tyrants. You are possibly a knight of some illustrious order?

*Bow.* To be sure—please your Majesty; I'm a knight of the Bath, at present.

*Aboul.* Your arrival doubly rejoices me, as I am at this moment threatened by my bitter enemy, the King of Japan, who will shortly overrun my state; and our dispute can only be terminated by a decisive blow on one side or the other.

*Bow.* Run in, your Majesty, right and left.

*Aboul.* And you will second my exertions?

*Bow.* Second you with all my heart. In front of a gallant army; that is, with a gallant army in front of me, I'm your man.

*Aboul.* You have proved your prowess?

*Bow.* Beyond a doubt. I fit a pitched battle with Curly Moses, a noted chap, I assure you.

*Aboul.* And won the victory?

*Bow.* As good as won it. For when I gave in, your Majesty, I hadn't a scratch. But what's the row?

*Aboul.* The row?

*Gim.* The cause of quarrel?

*Aboul.* 'Tis thus. His Japanese Majesty sits upon a silver stool; whereas mine is a gold one; and he insists that I shall present it to him as a tribute.

*Bow.* Why you aren't going to fight about that?

*Aboul.* Is it not a serious cause of war?

*Bow.* Pooh? Give the old fool his way. Take my advice, please your Majesty. Between two stools you may hurt the small of your back.

*Aboul.* Can you seriously hold an opinion so pusillanimous?—(GIMBO jogs BOWBELL.)

*Bow.* Oh no, no, no! by no means! I'd scorn to truckle to the old bulley; and, upon consideration, your Majesty is decidedly in the right.

*Aboul.* Behold your attendants!

[*Four little black boys and other attendants enter, and surround BOWBELL.*]

*Bowbell.* What! these four little negars!—how obliging! They have robbed all the tobacconist's shop doors for me. Come here, you little ebony devils. I shall give two of you a holiday every day, to go and see your pa's and ma's.

*Aboul.* My Ministers and the dignitaries of my court are come to greet you.

*Bowbell.* You don't say so.—(To GIMBO.) Oh! Tom! if father, mother and Suke could only see me now. Here's a commence! here's a wind up of a windy day!

[*The Ministers, Courtiers and their attendants enter.*]

## FINALE.

## CHORUS.

From the wild rage of ocean, from tempest and danger,  
Welcome, thrice welcome, Illustrious Stranger!

*[The King makes a sign to mount the palanquins and proceed.]*

**CHORUS.**

From the wild rage of ocean, from tempest and danger,  
Be welcome, thrice welcome, Illustrious Stranger !

**END OF ACT I.**

## ACT II.

**SCENE I.**—*Entrance of the Pagoda,—An Altar is prepared for the union of IRZA and BOWBELL; Priests, &c. surround it.—A crowd of Natives are grouped on each side.—ABOULIFAR discovered with his Court.—The Princess IRZA supported by FATIMA and her other Attendants.—BOWBELL on the opposite side on a Palanquin, surrounded by a body of African Guards.*

*Aboul.* Subjects of my realm! The decree of the Gods has been fulfilled!—An illustrious Stranger, whom Wishnou has thrown upon our coasts, a noble Englishman, claims the honour of my daughter's hand, and in my son-in-law behold the successor to my throne, and the commander-in-chief of my armies.

*Crowd.* Long live our Princess and our noble Prince!

*Aboul.* Prince, you will of course address them.

*Bowbell.* Me! Oh, if your Majesty wishes it, with the greatest pleasure.

*Gimbo. (aside to him)* Remember my instructions.  
[BOWBELL nods significantly.] Mind your hits!



*Bowbell.* I know what I'm about!—(*To the crowd*) Most noble friends and citizens! It's quite impossible for me to express my overflowing sentiments and sensations at this here most unworthy reception. If I had never come among you, I should never have known what a glorious people you are! (*braves.*) The most glorious people in the uninhabitable world! (*braves*) And now, my noble friends and citizens, I'll trouble you with a bit of business. Touching of money matters, my royal father scorns to distress you, but hopes you'll come down handsomely on this here occasion: for, being a generous nation, of course you'd like an Illustrious Stranger like me to be established with proper splendour and magnificence and magnanimity! (*braves from the crowd.*) And, noble friends and citizens! you will hardly take it amiss, if I also make free to establish my own venerable father, from Cripplegate, my noble brother Bob, and eleven of my illustrious cousins!—(*to GIMBO*) No applause; that's a damper.

*Gimbo.* (*aside*) Eleven's too many.

*Bowbell.* But if so be, my noble friends and citizens! as you thinks me unreasonable, I'll cut off half a dozen of my illustrious cousins to shift for themselves.

*Crowd.* Bravo!

*Gimbo.* (*aside.*) There you had 'em.

*Bowbell.* In the next place, noble friends and citizens! for the dignity of the nation, we must have another bout with your old enemy, the Emperor of Japan, upon the wital and important question of the two royal stools; and as I am to lead your armies to

the field, I'm sure you'll think it right to double the number of the horse, foot, and drag-~~oons~~.—(*Aside to GIMBO.*) No applause again.

*Gimba.* Tip 'em a touch about peace.

*Bowbell.* Hem! But, noble friends and citizens, I'll undertake to say that the moment the war's at an end, you shall enjoy the blessings of peace.

*Crowd.* Bravo!

*Bowbell.* A long—a lasting, and honourable peace, that shall enable you to pay your debts, bring down the price of provisions, and make you, as I said before, the most glorious people in the uninhabitable world!

*Crowd.* Harrah! Long live Prince Bowbell!

(*Aside. GIMBO to BOWBELL.*) You had them at last, however.

*Bowbell.* I had; and a very sensible nation they are.

*Fatima.* What an ugly wretch! before I'd marry him—I'd poison him.

*Princess.* Illustrious Stranger—

*Bowbell.* Your royal highness—

*Princess.* I think it but right to apprize you, that my heart never can be your's.

*Bowbell.* Most magnificent consort, it makes no odds whatsomdever—I can *ave eaps* of *earts* at any time; but your royal and beautiful hand must'nt slip thro' my fingers.

*Princess.* You are aware that you possess it by the imperious laws of *Brahma*?

*Bowbell.* I can't say for his laws; but I know, your highness, that his locks are plaguy hard to pick: and if this here wedlock's one of 'em, so much the better

for me.—So if father-in-law's ready, and you're ready, and the priest's ready, why then hey for the ceremony.

*[A flourish of trumpets, and martial music announces the ceremony.—IRZA is led with faltering steps to the Temple. Scene closes.]*

**SCENE II.—The Gardens of the Palace.**

*Enter AZAN, in the disguise of a Dervish.*

*Azan.* My fate's decreed—and the falsest of women, forgetting her solemn vows, has accepted the hand of an unknown stranger; such is the information I have received from the busy crowd hastening to the perjured nuptials. But, alas! I, perhaps, wrong my beloved Irza—the report of my death had been asserted, and her father's capricious tyranny, and our no less despotic laws, have compelled her to the sacrifice. Too well I knew, when we parted, that we should never meet again in happiness.

*Enter GIMBO.*

As I live, it is the English mummy-maker, Gimbo. My honest fellow, do ye not recognize me?

*Gimbo.* By the shades of Ptolemy, and the spices of Ceylon—it is Prince Azan.—Most noble Sir, thrice welcome to this land.—I thought you had died in exile long ago; and my greatest regret was the painful idea that your body had fallen into the hands of some botch of an embalmer, who had not done justice to your princely remains.—But, proceed.

*Azan.* Alas! I had resolved to return to this country—to sue for my pardon, and once more demand the hand of my beloved Irza;—but on my arrival, judge of my astonishment, when I learnt she had just left the nuptial temple.

*Gimbo.* What, Sir! You have travelled, and are astonished at a woman's changing her mind!—Proceed—

*Azan.* She must have been the most faithless of her sex.

*Gimbo.* Do not blame her rashly, Sir.—The Princess is still fondly attached to you—but the king and the gods have obliged her to this sacrifice—the high-priest swore, with a big oath, that unless she married, the country was lost; and scarcely was the oracle heard, when a storm arose—a vessel was wrecked—and an honest Englishman was washed on shore on a hen-coop, who blindly thrust his head into the royal noose.

*Azan.* And how did she look during the ceremony?

*Gimbo.* Poor thing; like a ring dove, caged with a screech-owl: she wept and sobbed—then gave three sighs—four groans, and exclaimed,—“I have obeyed the Gods—may they now in pity unite me to my Azan's beloved ashes.”—then she fell into hysterics, and fainted away.

*Azan.* Beloved Irza! I'll fly and rescue her from the detested martyrdom.

*Gimbo.* That's right Sir, that's right! That I may have the supreme honour of making mummies of you all:—do you forget our laws?

*Azan.* Distraction!

*Gimbo.* If you are bent on slaughter, I'll tell you of a better plan.

*Azan.* Speak.

*Gimbo.* Ample revenge: await them as they quit the palace, stab yourself at the Princess's feet—she'll not survive you, and then we'll bundle Prince Benjamin Bowbell over you both. No, Sir, no; let us all live and enjoy life.—My brain is rich, and I'll coin it in your service, provided you give me in exchange certain solid species, less rare but more current.

*Azan.* My dear Gimbo, if you can restore me to Irza and happiness, my very life is yours.

*Gimbo.* Keep your life; my dear prince, and give me the means of spending mine in merry England: but no time is to be lost—my plan is already formed; Cupid and Mammon work hand in hand, and we must succeed. [Exeunt.

*Enter BOWBELL.*

*Bowbell.* Here's a pretty business!—my wife, I mean her royal highness Princess Bowbell, is in a fit;—I suppose that, being of royal blood, it's fitting that she should. Well, well, who would have thought it when I left Lunnun with a cargo of tripe and butter, that I should have been wrecked upon a princess. Poor father! how delighted he'll be,—How his old heart will chuckle, when he sees the pearls as big as potatoes I'm going to send him.

*Enter GIMBO.*

*Gimbo. (aside.)* Now to open all our batteries.—My noble prince!

*Bowbell.* Mummy maker! keep your distance.

*Gimbo.* I come to announce to your royal highness, that the Japan army is already in the field.

*Bowbell.* Well, if it's our field, shew 'em out again; threaten 'em with an action of trespass.

*Gimbo.* His Majesty, Prince, expects you at your post.

*Bowbell.* His Majesty may expect me long enough then! Aren't her royal highness indisposed?—besides, now the wedding's over, I begin to perceive that the war department won't suit me.—Mummy maker! I suppose you'll expect promotion.

*Gimbo.* I trust I may be allowed to bask in the sunshine of your royal pleasure.

*Bowbell.* Embalmer! You may bask all day, and all night, and be as lazy as Ludlam's dog, when he leaned against a wall to bark. I'll make you first lord of the bed-chamber, master of the revels, master of the rolls.—If you aren't married, Tom, you shall be lord and master every where; only let me dub you in my place, Commander in Chief, and Generalissimo.

*Gimbo.* Oh! I could'nt deprive you of that honour.

*Bowbell.* Not a bit of it. I don't value it a button.

*Gimbo.* As to me, my dear friend, I'm perfectly satisfied with my present station.

*Bowbell.* What! mummy maker and undertaker general!

*Gimbo.* See—this bag of gold I received for the funeral of the wife of one of our ministers, and her husband is going to give me double the sum for burying him.

*Bowbell.* How? Oh! I suppose to build a monument for him.

*Gimbo.* No, no! for interring him with her.

*Bowbell.* When he dies?

*Gimbo.* No, immediately.

*Bowbell.* How do you mean—Alive?—

*Gimbo.* To be sure! It's one of the fundamental laws of this kingdom.

*Bowbell.* What, has he committed some crime?

*Gimbo.* He! he's the most virtuous man in the country.

*Bowbell.* Then why bury his virtue alive?

*Gimbo.* Such is the law—When a wife dies—

*Bowbell.* (*With anxiety.*) Well—

*Gimbo.* Her husband is to be buried with her.

*Bowbell.* Alive?

*Gimbo.* Of course—otherwise what necessity for a law?

*Bowbell.* (*With increasing uneasiness.*) What—how—stop a bit—say that again—you say that—

*Gimbo.* By our laws, husbands are to be buried with their wives, and wives with their husbands.

*Bowbell.* (*With great alarm.*) What—my dear boy—then if Princess Bowbell should die—

*Gimbo.* You must accompany her to the vault of her ancestors.

*Bowbell.* I accompany her to the vault—What do you mean?

*Gimbo.* You must abide with her in the silent tomb.

*Bowbell.* Silent! I shall bellow like a bull there—You're joking—What are your laws to me? I'm an alien—I'm an alien.

*Gimbo.* But married in this country, you must obey the laws.

*Bowbell.* No such thing. I'm an Englishman—a brave, true-born Briton—Bury me alive!—Parliament would take it up—You'd have a war to a certainty; and who'd command your army then?

*Gimbo.* I can't pretend to say; but depend upon it the thing will be insisted on.

*Bowbell.* The thing! What do you mean by the thing? Let me tell you, burying gentlemen alive is not the thing. Oh! Tom! my darling boy, what a business this is! What a devil of a hobble you've got me in! Why didn't you tell me? Oh! misery, that I ever came to this man-trap of a place!

*Gimbo.* But, my dear fellow, why alarm yourself?

*Bowbell.* Alarm myself! Why, are'n't her Royal Highness in a fit?

*Gimbo.* In a fit!

*Bowbell.* Oh Tom! as pale as a parsnip, and bathed in her salt tears like a pickled herring. Oh! Cripple-gate, sweet Cripple-gate! Never more shall I enter your happy streets.

*Gimbo.* Don't say so. Only leave it in your will, and I'll send you home to your friends in the highest preservation.

*Bowbell.* Preservation! I shall have nothing left to preserve; I shall go out like a rush-light, and leave not a snuff behind.

*Enter FATIMA.*

*Fatima.* Most noble Prince—

*Bowbell.* Don't Prince me—



*Fatima.* The Princess—alas!—

*Bowbell.* Murder!—what of her—

*Fatima.* Is dangerously ill—

*Bowbell.* I knew it. What's her complaint?

*Fatima.* The physician says a rush of blood to the head, Prince.

*Bowbell.* Shave it; shave it directly. Bleed and blister her—Send for all the doctors and apothecaries in the island. Oh! Why did I live to see this day?

*Fatima.* He's distracted—haste to the palace, Sir; your royal father awaits you—

*Bowbell.* Oh! what had I to do with a royal father. Wasn't my own dear dad enough for me—Ah! How often has he said when I was a wickedly philandering, that he wished I was married and settled—and now I'm married and settled with a vengeance!

[*Exit, supported by FATIMA and GIMBO, who pretend to weep.*]

### SCENE III.—A Room in the Palace.

*Enter AZAN meeting FATIMA.*

*Azan.* Well, dear Fatima, what says my Irza?

*Fatima.* She's not yet aware of your return, but says, that if even you miraculously appeared before her, her respect to the laws—

*Azan.* Heaven! what is to be done?

*Fatima.* This, *she says, not* having seen you, but having seen you—

*Azan.* Well ?

*Fatima.* And if she does not change her note, I am very much mistaken.

*Azan.* How I dread this meeting, and fear that when she recognizes me, her sudden terror may overcome her.

*Fatima.* Well, well, if you frighten her as a ghost, you have only to dispel her terror as a living man.

*Enter IRZA.*

A learned physician from Ispahan is just arrived; he heard of your case, Madam, and is anxious to throw himself at your feet to offer his service.

*Irza.* Return him my best thanks, Fatima; you well know that my miseries are beyond human skill.

*Fatima.* But here he is, Madam, he can speak for himself. Approach, Dr. Mirza Ramga.

*Azan.* (*approaching IRZA with hesitation*) I should esteem the day I first devoted myself to my profession the proudest day of my life, if the little science I possess could restore you to health and happiness.

*Irza.* (*aside to FATIMA, with great agitation*) Heavens! Fatima—that voice—how like my Azan!

*Fatima.* The very tone, Madam.

*Irza.* (*faultering*) Courteous stranger—I know not how—I can—possibly—Fatima—support me—an unknown sensation thrills thro' my veins.

*Azan.* I seldom perplex my fair patients with idle questions—one look, and I know their malady.

*Fatima.* Well, Sir, what ails my Mistress ?

*Azan.* Give me that lute, and I will describe her case.

*Fatima.* What a dear doctor ; I dare say he fiddles sickness away in a quadrille.

SONG.—AZAN.

The pallid cheek, the downcast eye,  
The starting tear,—the smothered sigh,  
Whene'er she hears the one lov'd name ;  
The faltering step—the heaving breast,  
In every look her grief express'd,  
The broken heart proclaim.

*Irza.* There's magic in his voice !

*Fatima.* I told you he was a wonderful man.—And pray Sir, what are the symptoms of a cure ?

AZAN.

A cheerful smile—a vivid eye,  
The coral lip—the soothing sigh,  
To welcome him who shares her pain :  
In every glance her love confess'd,  
In every look her truth express'd  
The heart is well again.

*Irza.* Alas, such were once my feelings.

*Fatima.* And pray, Doctor, how is this cure to be effected ?

*Azan.* By a strict observance of our sacred vows, fidelity until death, and a resolution, in spite of the world, to reward truth and love.

*Irza. (aside)* Heaven, what conflicting feelings !

*Azan.* And to obtain this wished for moment have I returned from exile, at the peril of my life—to claim my long lost Irza, and throw myself at her feet. *(he drops his head, and falls at her feet.)*

*Irza.* Azan!—my beloved,—do I once more behold thee! Oh! why did you not sooner come to rescue your Irza from perpetual slavery?

*Azan.* It is not too late—Our plans are formed, and we have no time to lose.

*(Exeunt.)*

**SCENE IV.—An Apartment in the Palace. BOW-BELL discovered in a disconsolate attitude.**

*Bow.* No news yet.—Here I sit like a condemned felon waiting for a summons to execution.

**GIMBO Enters.**

Ah! My dear Gimbo—well, what news?

*Gim.* My dear fellow, I am sorry to inform you that the Princess is much worse—and a consultation has been called.

*Bow.* A consultation—then there's no hope.

*Gim.* None, my dear boy; but make up your mind.

*Bow.* Make up my mind—Why one would think you were telling a body to make up his bundle to go to Twickenham. Make up your mind to be buried alive—to be smothered by inches!

*Gim.* Banish your fears. It shall be my office, as a friend, to see you suffocated at once.

*Bow.* How kind you are—but I'll tell you what, die or not die, I'll not consent—I'm a British subject—An English citizen—send to the Ambassador—I revolt—I mutiny.

*Gim.* Believe me, Bowbell, consent cheerfully and you'll acquire immortal honour in history.

*Bow.* What's history to me—None of my family ever reads it.

*Gim.* And should you resist, you will not only be degraded to the rank of a common slave—

*Bow.* Oh! they may make a scavenger of me, if they choose.

*Gim.* But you will be burn't alive, and your ashes scattered to the wind.

*Bow.* Burnt alive! Oh Tom! Tom! what an ill-fated wretch I am!—Better have stuck upon the Goodwin Sands, or foundered in the Bay of Biscay. Oh! Tom! Tom Treacle, why did you make me a Prince—could'nt you have given me some other situation?—In the scullery—tapster to the royal family—pot boy—any thing you know?

*(The sound of a Gong is heard.)*

*Mercy* What's that?

*Gim.* Alas! my poor friend, all's over.—

*Bow.* What! how—

*Gim.* That awful sound announces the Princess's dissolution.

*Bow.* Then I dissolve like a snow-ball.

*[He falls in a chair.]*

*Gim.* Ah! my poor friend!—But here comes your royal father-in-law, no doubt to announce the fatal event.

*Enter ABOULIFAR, in deep grief.*

*Abou.* My son, you must summon up all your fortitude to hear the mournful tidings.

*Bow.* Oh!

*Abou.* Your beloved bride has left you, ere you had time to appreciate her virtues.

*Bow.* She has indeed, and therefore I hope; father-in-law, you'll take proper time to 'preciate mine; you don't mean to bury me alive with her?

*Abou.* Undoubtedly; it is the proudest hope of a devoted husband.

*Bow.* Is it? then why not of a devoted father? Mayhap your Majesty would like to take my place.

*Abou.* Alas! my time will soon come.

*Bow.* Then there'll be less time lost. Do, dear father-in-law; you knew her virtues better than I; so do you live in history, and let me go back to live in Cripple-gate.

*Abou.* We must obey the law.—Farewell, my son.—Worthy Gimbo, give every necessary direction for this distinguished funeral; let no expense be spared, and let it vie in magnificence with any interment hitherto seen or heard of.

*[Exit ABOULIFAR.]*

*Bow. (speaking after ABOULIFAR).* Ever seen or heard of! Oh! you old Anthrophophigus; you carnivorous old cannibal! Swindling a poor devil out of his life in this way—Oh! Tom! Tom! what will become of me?

*Enter ALIBAJON.*

*Alib.* Dear Prince, I come to condole—

*Bow.* (*flying at him*) Oh! you old scoundrel—  
you killed my wife—my beloved wife!

*Alib.* I am innocent, Sir; she was poisoned by a  
Persian quack, who is now loaded with chains.

*Bow.* Let him be impaled and broke upon the  
wheel.

*Alib.* What brought me here was a little proposal,

*Bow.* Any thing to save me.

*Alib.* You appear very unhappy at the idea of  
being buried.

*Bow.* Alive, Doctor, that's all; I've a mortal aver-  
sion to it.

*Alib.* Why—for that matter, no doubt your high-  
ness won't long survive it; and then it amounts to the  
same thing, you know.

*Bow.* Very consolatory!

*Alib.* Now, with profound submission, I have  
stocked a museum, in which I have already collected  
the mummies of a Tartar, a Dutchman, and a  
Spaniard—

*Bowbell.* Agreeable recreation!

*Alib.* An Italian, a Frenchman, a Jew, a Quaker—  
but, unfortunately, no Englishman.—Now, if I might  
presume—

*Bowbell.* Oh! you vile old feeder of worms, and  
dealer in carrion. Hark'ye, Tom Gimbo—Am I any  
body here—Is my power at an end?—

*Gimbo.* Certainly not. It will endure till the very  
last moment.

*Bowbell.* Then call the guards.

*Gimbo.* Ho! Guards!

*Enter OFFICER, and four Guards.*

*Bowbell.* You want an Englishman, do you? Here, you Sir. Take these two gentlemen, pound 'em into mummies, and clap 'em in the doctor's museum.

*Gimbo & Alib.* Oh! your highness!

*Officer.* Before I can receive your highness's order, I must deliver mine. I am desired by his Majesty to acquaint you, Sir, that every thing is prepared for the ceremony, and hopes you are ready.

*Bowbell.* Not by no means.

*Officer.* His Majesty anxiously expects the honour of your company.

*Bowbell.* The honour of my company!—one would think he was inviting me to a rump steak and oyster sauce. Tell his Majesty that I am pre-engaged, and cannot have the honour of accepting his polite invitation.

*Officer.* But the whole nation is on tip-toe to behold the ceremony.

*Bowbell.* Then tell the nation to sit down till I come.

*Officer.* Their impatience is loud and clamorous.

*Bowbell.* Make an apology. Tell 'em the entertainment is postponed, on account of the indisposition of a principal performer.

*Officer.* And that you may have all the glory of the sacrifice, the King commands me to inform you that, by our laws, if you can find a substitute, you may decline the honour of the funeral.



*Bowbell.* A substitute—Oh! my dear Gimbo—a gleam of hope—do you think I shall be able to find any amateur.—Oh! Doctor, have you no half-dead patient you can sell me?

*Gimbo.* We must seek for one.

*Bowbell.* My dear Gimbo—my honest fellow—you brought me in this scrape. Now are you ambitious?—here's an opportunity!—do take my place—you are long resident in the country, and are used to the customs. Do, my darling boy.

*Gimbo.* Under any other circumstance.—But me, director-general of funerals—Impossible! No physician is his own doctor, and no undertaker ought to bury himself.

*Bowbell.* Well, I see there's no friendship in the world.—Go to his Majesty, Sir, tell him I avail myself of the law.—[*Exit OFFICER and Guards.*] Oh! if we can find a hero!—Come along, Gimbo; let's send about the bellman, and the bill sticker. I offer all I possess. I'll make over my pension to the wife and children of any worthy father of a family what wishes to distinguish himself and be buried alive, instead of me! [Exit, followed by GIMBO and ALIB.

*SCENE V.—The Royal Cemetery.—In the centre a Monument, with folding-doors—Various images of the Gods.—On the east side of the Temple are groupes of Priests.—A solemn march announces the approach of the Procession. Enter GIMBO and FATIMA (meeting.)*

*Fatima.* Where's the prince, dear Gimbo?

*Gimbo.* Poor devil! he's in a sad way, and likely

to die of fright before he's buried :—if you had'nt let me into the secret of the whole affair, I should weep at the sight of him. He's gone to dress for the ceremony,—and here comes the ceremony.

[*Enter the Procession ;—Fakers moving on in distorted attitudes ; Priests, Bonzes, &c., with images of the Gods, and emblems of the Hindoo divinities. —BOWBELL follows, wrapped in a long white cotton garment, and supported in his grief by ABOULIFAR, —A Gong keeps time with the Music, and a Priest approaches him.*]

*Priest.* Most noble Prince !—The glorious hour has sounded which is going to unite you to the remains of the lovely Princess Irza.—The Parks have willed it, and you must obey.

*Bowbell.* The Parks !—Oh ! I wish I was in them, if it was only on a donkey in Rotten Row !—Oh ! father-in-law, no substitute ?—

*Aboutifar.* No one, my son, would wish to deprive you of this honour.

*Bowbell.* Oh ! father-in-law, have pity on me !—To see me buried in the prime of life, and as innocent as a sucking babe ! If I could but gain yet a little time !—(*Seeing GIMBO.*) Oh ! Gimbo ! my dear fellow, I'm off.

*Gimbo.* My poor dear friend—I have made every preparation for you suitable to your rank, and have come myself to attend you to the grave.

*Bowbell.* You're very attentive, I'm sure :—Gimbo, give my love to poor father : tell him I prays for him like a dutiful son : remind father-in-law to remit my little reckoning at the Cheshire Cheese : send a lock

of my hair to Sukey Skyblue—tell her to lead a virtuous life, and tell brother Bob I bears him no malice for calling me a gander when I started.

*Priest.* The multitude are becoming unruly—they say that we are mocking the gods by delay. Here, Sir, take this bag of rice to feed you on your journey, and this flapper to keep away the flies.

*Bowbell.* You're very considerate!—You han't got nothing to keep away the worms, have ye?

*Priest.* Now to the mōnument.

*Bowbell.* The monument! Ah! I wish I was on the top of it—Noble friends and citizens! was my proclamation distinctly heard?

*Gimbo.* In every quarter of the city.

*Bowbell.* And no substitute for your Prince? No virtue among you? No taste for glory?

*Priest.* There is no answer.

*Bowbell.* I beg your pardon. That Gentleman spoke (*To one of the crowd*). I think Sir, you—(*He shakes his head.*) No. Excuse me.

*Aboulifar.* Have I a son who thus disgraces me?  
—On!

*Bowbell.* I go.—[*Solemn Music: he advances to the tomb, then stops again.*] Nobody bid for my place? It's your last chance—I'm a going, a going; once, twice, thrice.—[*A loud cry of "A Substitute! a Substitute!"*]

*Bowbell.* A substitute! Hurrah! Oh! you noble fellow!

[*AZAN enters, still in the disguise of a Dervish. BOWBELL rushes to his embrace—AZAN casts him off.*]

*Azan.* King Aboulifar, your daughter's death is attributed to me—I cannot survive the imputation—lead me to her dear remains!—proud in terminating with her a degraded existence.

*Aboulifar.* Our laws permit it, and you may claim them;—but you, my son-in-law, is it possible you would renounce the honour?—

*Bowbell.* Will a duck swim—will the Polly go to smash—will Sukey snap at me when I gets back to Cripple-gate?

*Aboulifar.* Then you are unworthy of my blood! Sound the trumpets, beat the drums, and locked in each other's cold embrace, let the will of Brahma be fulfilled.

[*Music.* AZAN is led to the Monument: Priests strew flowers on his path: the gates of the Mausoleum are thrown open, and are closed with a loud crash after he has entered. The King and people prostrate themselves in devotion.]

*Bowbell.* What a hero that ere Doctor is! And what a hinteresting ceremony when one's only a spectator!

[*Music changes.* Soft sounds are heard proceeding from the tomb, which suddenly opens, pours forth a dazzling light, and discovers AZAN and IRZA holding each other by the hand, and robed in splendid dresses.]

*Aboul.* What do I behold? My daughter alive! And Azan here!

*Azan.* (*At ABOULIFAR's feet.*) To me you owe her life—Her death was a device to enable me to approach you, and afford those proofs of my innocence, of which I am now possessed. In the name of the gods who have restored to you your child, I solicit her hand, and crave your blessing.

*Aboul.* This wonderful event has proved their protecting power. Irza is thine.

*Irza.* Dearest father, in Wishnou's name, henceforth abolish the barbarous custom.

*Aboul.* In gratitude, will I exert my power to accomplish your prayer.

*Gimbo.* In that case, fair Fatima, I renew my offer.

*Fatima.* In that case, I accept it.

*Bowbell.* And I'll back to Cripplegate as soon as possible; and if ever your Majesty, or any of the royal family should be cast ashore on the Coast of Middlesex, I hope you'll take pot luck with the "Illustrious Stranger."

## FINALE.

Relieved of our sorrows, and rescued from danger,  
We welcome our truly Illustrious Stranger!

THE END.



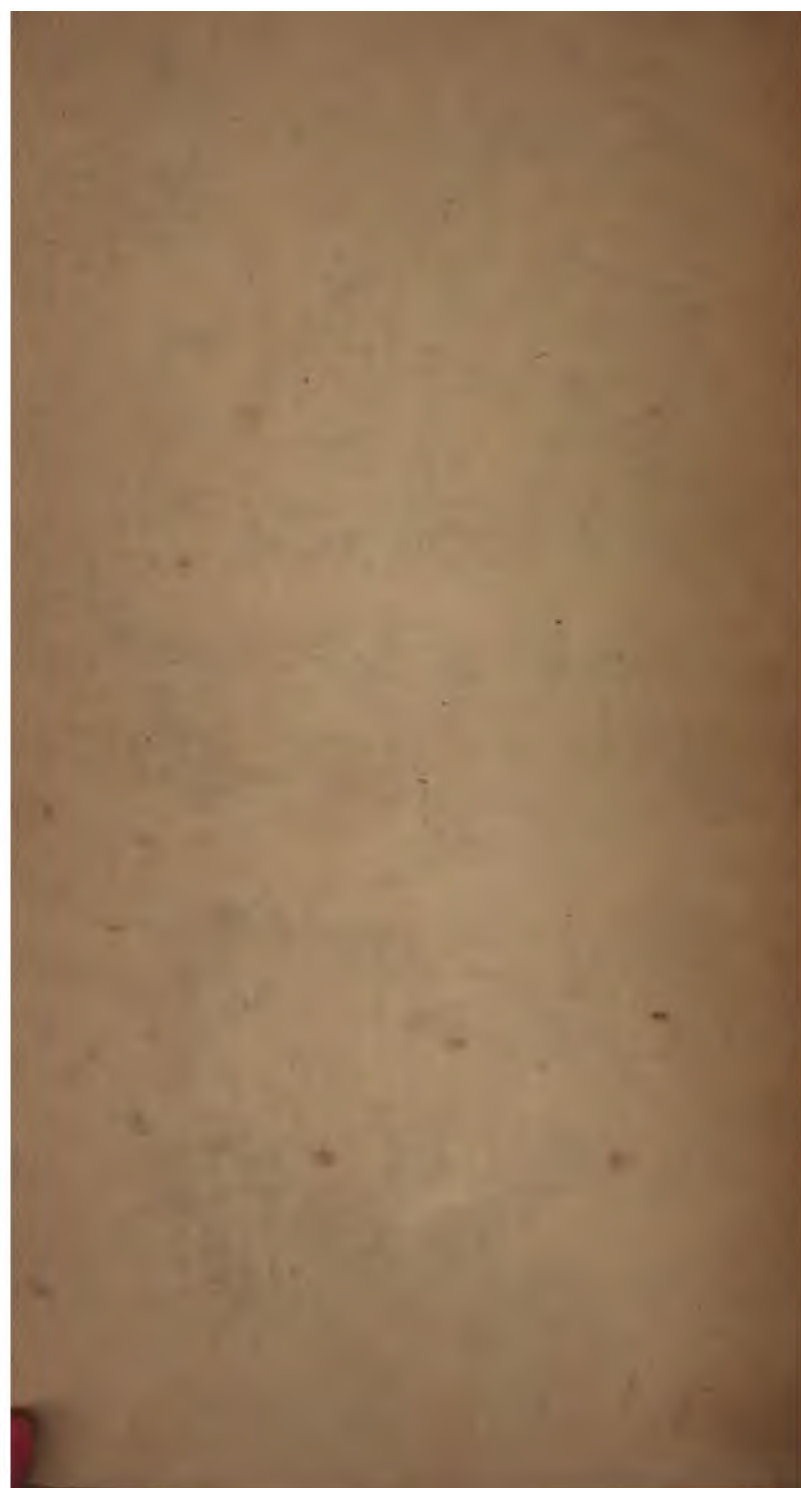
















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